The Children's Number

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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

—*Matthew* 18.1-5.

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VOL. XXX
No. 3

MAY-JUNE
1949

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Revival Machinery

Dear Uncle Sam, and the Missionaries:

We receive much literature from the U. S. A. which some Britishers call "Revival Machinery," dealing with machine-made conversions, etc. Another class of hurry-up Revival Promoters believe in "shouting down an outpouring of power," — shout loud enough and long enough, and the Pentecostal clouds will burst.

Now let me give you a brighter conception of honest, straightforward Evangelism. "Our Hope" for March arrived with a bold message by Dr. Herbert Lockyer, entitled, "New Testament Evangelism." This courageous utterance should find its way into thousands of America's congregations.

I am reminded of an experience I had many years ago. I was only a new, raw beginner in Evangelistic Mission work. Young budding preachers may be helped by my testimony. I was nervous, as for several days I had to bear the lion's share of the meetings. William Olney, the devoted merchant preacher, was called to London to deal with important matters at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, where he was an Elder and an honoured leader. I was left alone — yet not alone — to fill his place, and also to render Gospel solos and conduct the choir. I felt the task to be beyond my ability, and feared complete failure. Following a Gospel lecture on "Stage Life and Real Life," a young man found his way into the "seekers' room." Among others, he listened to my explanation of the method of accepting Christ, trusting Him, and receiving the keeping power of the Holy Spirit. This young man worked in a factory where war implements were made. Now he faced war on sin, and was soon on his feet exclaiming, "Christ for me," when I gave the challenge. That young man is now known all over America: he is Dr. Herbert Lockyer. Dear Uncle Sam, I'm sure you will pardon this personal intrusion in my letter; but I felt that the young ones and the missionaries should be encouraged. "When I am weak, then am I strong." To God be the glory!

The message in "Our Hope" compares present-day sensational Revivalism with the sound and true methods of the New Testament. The American-European Fellowship seeks no sensational "hothouse" conversions. Each missionary toils on in the good old way. Be of good cheer, Comrades. His Word will accomplish results, and sinners shall be born again. Be ye faithful. God bless you!

Yours in the fight of faith,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

4, Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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Children on Parade

In June our churches celebrate Children's Day, when the boys and girls may speak for themselves. In this issue of our magazine the missionaries' children also speak for themselves, through pictures, and through words they have written. They are presented here, like children at a Sunday School exercise, in order of age, beginning with the youngest.

At the left we have André-Peter Sundermann, grandson of our associate in Germany, Pastor Bernhard Götze. Peter's grandfather writes that the baby owes his bright eyes and chubby cheeks largely to the CARE infant-food packages which have been received, through us, from America. Perhaps Peter is thinking about being a missionary when he grows up, like his grandfather and his uncles (Pastor Götze's sons), in whose work we have also been privileged to aid.

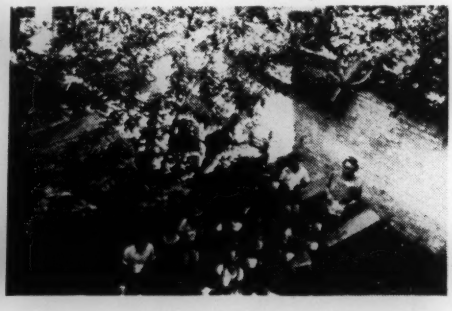
But the help we send abroad goes to strangers as well as to friends. Below and to the left, you see the picture of a typical German family helped by the Fellowship. We do not give their names here, but they are known to God. It is enough for us all to know that these dear strangers are Christians. Hundreds of grateful letters fill our files.

In France live the bright little girl and boy pictured below, Jean-Pierre

Fort and his cousin Françoise. Miss Christoffersen has taken a special interest in these children. Jean-Pierre is a gifted boy, who loves the Lord, and knows the true meaning of salvation. He takes great delight in repeating passages from the Bible. We ask your special prayers for him, as he has been ill twice this past winter, with a strange kind of influenza: but Miss Christoffersen wrote us that she was planning to take him and his mother — who works very hard — into her home for a time, to feed them well, and to instruct them more fully in the Word. She says: "Now we have some children coming up here, and we are preparing an Easter feast for them, with flannelgraph talks on the Resurrection. We have even had prayer-meetings with the little folks, and are giving lessons to other children in different homes."

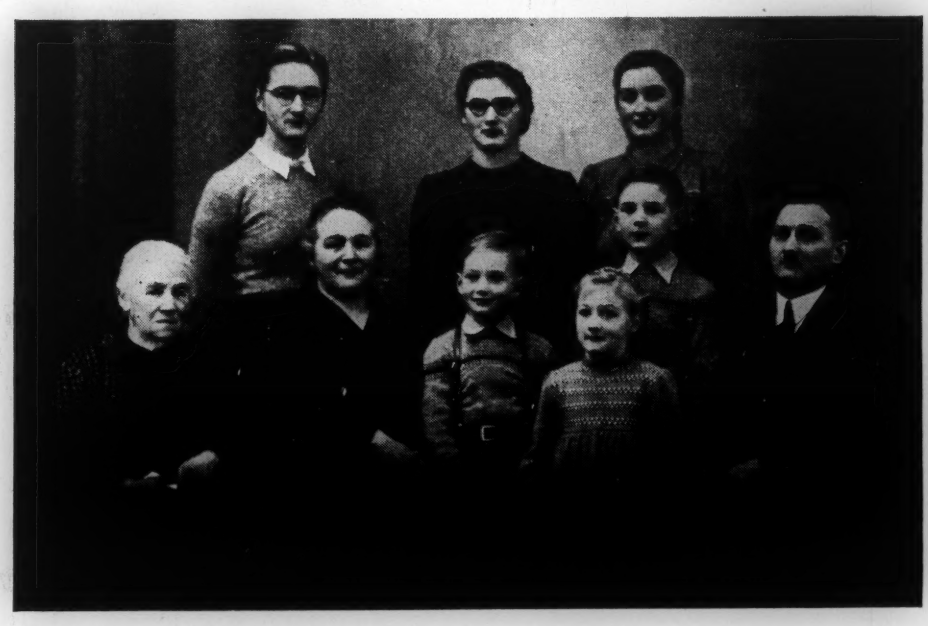
In Lisbon, Portugal, there labors our associate, Pastor Guido Waldemar Oliveira. He has sent us the above photograph of himself, his little girl Ana Maria, and his young helpers: they are busy getting out his Gospel magazine, *Correio Evangelico*. We have been able to send him Scriptures, etc.

We pass over to Czechoslovakia. The picture at the right, above, taken a few years ago, shows Tabitha, adopted daughter of our missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Lukesh. Readers will remember their separation during the war, and their joyful reunion. Many have asked about Rev. Philip Manetz and his family, who were also separated during the war and then reunited. He and his wife, Elfrieda, and young daughter Mary, now live in New York City, where Mary goes to school. Speaking of schools, you will see below two pictures of the Daily Vacation Bible School conducted by the Lukeshes in Czechoslovakia last summer: similar activities are planned for this year.



The picture above shows a group of young people in Switzerland. They have received Bible instruction from our missionary, Rev. Fred Stettler, who is seen at the extreme left. He writes: "I have been two weeks in the Bernese Oberland to teach the annual Bible course for young people who are leaving school. This year there were twenty in attendance, eight boys and twelve girls. We had daily six hours of teaching, going through the books of Genesis and Exodus and taking notes on the fundamental Bible doctrines."

Three generations of the Stettler family are seen below. Mrs. Stettler's mother, Mrs. Schäuble, is at the left. The oldest daughter, Ruth (at the left, behind) has written the following letter especially for the Children's Number of the magazine: "First may we introduce ourselves? Christa, the second



eldest, on leaving school, went into French Switzerland to learn French, and has just returned from this 'foreign' land. Hanna is fourteen, and is glad that she will have only one more year of school. Fritz is twelve, an easy-going boy, who always thinks: 'Tomorrow is another day.' Hans is very proud of being already in his second year of school, and Tabea, the youngest, is glad to think that she is now a big girl, who will begin school this spring. I, Ruth, the oldest, am now in my third year at the commercial school, which I will finish next spring.

"As missionaries' children, we have the unusual privilege of growing up in the midst of the work of the Kingdom. We have been shielded from much of the evil in this world, and have seen much that has led us into true faith. But in religion we must not only imitate our parents: we must have a living faith of our own. I took my first step in religion when I came to see that of myself I could do nothing, that God must be all. For my future life I have many plans, but they are all in God's hands. In this faith it is beautiful to live, and I am glad to find opportunities for helping. My Sunday School class affords me great joy, as well as the Young People's Society, the Bible-reading group, and the choir. Perhaps some day I may be able to come to America, to meet my father's friends there, and thank them for all that they have done for us."

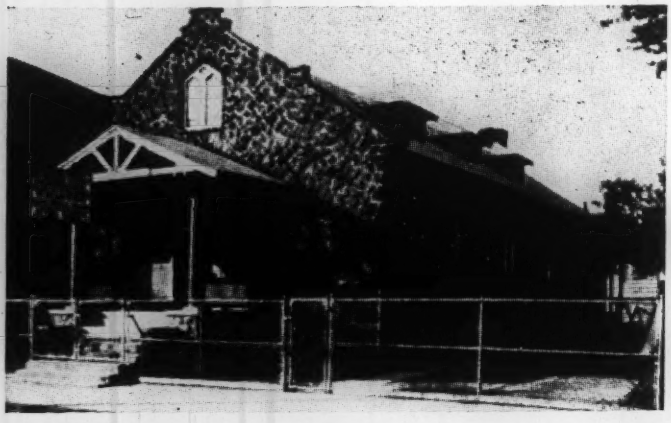
Now here we see Anna, the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John Kovalchuk, as she appeared a few years ago, in native costume. She is now married, and with her husband is carrying on the Lord's work in Europe, while her parents labor in far-off South America. For the sake of her safety, we are not even reminding our readers of Anna's married name, or mentioning her exact place of labor. And there is still another missionary's child, who should be represented at this point; but in view of conditions abroad, the parents have requested that no picture be used, no name mentioned. Our readers will guess the identity of this family, and will pray for them all.

These are the "missionary children" for whom we bespeak your special love and prayers. At the end of this "family party" we should like to give you some words written by a missionary's daughter to her father, and quoted by him in a letter to us. She says: "You know, Papa, as I read the life of Christ, I think how hard it is for us human beings to bear ill-fortune which we have not deserved. We are discouraged, we lose the further desire to do good. But Christ, who was also man, though without fault or sin, has passed through all this before us, and endured all reproaches in silence. This is so great and wonderful to me. I keep the thought of Him ever before me, and then I can bear all things." May this be truly said of each one of us, whether great or small.

Courtesy of CARE

THESE ARE EUROPE'S CHILDREN

A Children's Church – A Children's Magazine



We have on our mailing list two unique institutions which should be of special interest to young readers of this issue. They are a children's church and a children's missionary magazine. The church, shown in this picture, is the Children's Temple, 225 East Kinney Street, Newark 5, N. J. It was "founded to glorify God and serve humanity." This work began in 1905, and the cornerstone of the present building was laid in 1913. The Children's Temple is undenominational, favoring no race, color or creed. There are Bible classes, playgrounds, etc. Rev. and Mrs. Ira V. Smith are in charge. Some of our readers, living in or near Newark, may like to visit and see this remarkable work for themselves. The Children's Temple is open every evening, except Tuesday.

And from the other side of our country we bring you news of a fascinating publication, exclusively for boys and girls: "Around the World with Uncle Paul," the Children's Missionary Magazine, edited by Mrs. Ethel S. Low, Miss Laura M. Thomas, and others. Though still in its first year, this magazine has attracted much favorable comment. It contains many pictures, letters from missionaries' children, and stories of missionary life. The price is $1.00 a year (six issues). A sample copy will be sent free on request. Write to Box 188, Lomita, California. The magazine is well edited, full of interest, and soundly evangelical.

Wolfgang Writes Again

A year ago we printed a letter, received through Brother Stettler, from a ten-year-old boy in Germany, Wolfgang Magedanz. The picture which he drew of need and gratitude was deeply touching; our readers became interested, and we were enabled to send food and clothing. We wish everyone could see Wolfgang's carefully hand-printed German letter. He writes:

"Dear Uncle in America: I am Wolfgang Magedanz from Germany. I have received a package from you. It was first-class! Twenty pounds of food were in it. Bacon, meat, fat, lard, sugar, raisins, flour, milk, egg-powder, beans, coffee, soap, and a big bar of chocolate. Rosemarie and I get a little piece of it every day. Today Mamma cooked thick rice with raisins for us; it tasted wonderful. Tomorrow there'll be goulash. I am so glad for everything in your package. I want to thank you for the good food, and I have thanked our Saviour already. I told him all about it in prayer. I have His picture hanging over my bed. How did you get our address?—we have no relatives in America. I am just beginning to learn English in school. Now I must stop, with many hearty greetings and very warm thanks, from

WOLFGANG and ROSEMARIE MAGEDANZ.

The Call to Heaven of a Six-Year-Old Boy

The American reading public has been deeply stirred, during the past year, by a book entitled, "Death Be Not Proud," John Gunther's memorial tribute to his son. In a similar vein of fatherly devotion, but tempered with Christian faith and hope, Pastor Bernhard Götze has memorialized his little son Oswald, who has now been "safe in the arms of Jesus" for thirty-two years. The story is too long for a single issue, and too beautiful to condense; it will therefore be printed in installments.

Outside in the snow-covered streets the Russian winter storm was raging. The wind roared and crackled in the bare branches of the large trees, and tore at the closed shutters as if it wished to enter the quiet home. Yes, our room is full of love and peace. My dear wife is sitting near the stove, and dreamily looks at our youngest child, who is sweetly sleeping in her arms. At my feet on their little stools sit the two elder boys, looking at me most attentively. I am holding the family Bible, we are just going to have evening prayers.

I read the story of Elijah going up by a whirlwind into heaven, and explain it to the children. They follow this wonderful story with intense interest, how the prophet is taken to heaven in a fiery chariot with horses of fire. The blue and black eyes watch my lips and take in every word. The younger of the two — the dark, curly-haired Oswald — especially is most deeply moved. When prayers are over the little fellow is still thinking seriously, and I can see that such a glorious experience has deeply touched his heart. When wishing me "Good-night," the little arms of the four-year-old boy encircle me, and he earnestly whispers in my ear; "Papa, dear Papa, that is a lovely story. Do you know, I should like to go to heaven in a golden carriage. Please, please tell me if it can be. I should like it so very much."

I pick up my little boy, the little head rests confidingly on my shoulder, and we now keep up a conversation with each other. At the close, all I can say to my chubby little one is: "Do you know, my darling, we can trust the Saviour with everything. Tell Him that you would like to drive to heaven with horses of fire. He knows the best way to do that. I think that is the best thing to do." "*That* then I will do," answers my child.

My second eldest son Oswald, of whom I wish to write, was born in Poland, October 5th, 1911. As I at that time was working as a Pastor in Russia, and could not leave my Church too long alone, I was obliged to undertake the long journey with my family when little Oswald was only a few weeks old. Although there were many difficulties during the journey, we with our little son reached our destination safely.

In Russia little Oswald was a great joy to us, as we watched how God allowed him to grow and develop in every respect. God had endowed him with special exterior beauty. In I Samuel 16.12, in a few words, young David's appearance is described: "He was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." We could say the same of our little Oswald. He had dark hair, dark eyes, and a beautiful, round, and intelligent little face. His bright, lively and sweet disposition made him beloved by old and young.

When Oswald was three years old, owing to the War, we were compelled to leave our dwelling-place and go to the interior of the country. Of course our little one could not understand the seriousness of the situation, but

wondered at all he saw and heard. He did not know that the use of the German language was forbidden, and did not mind the protests of the travellers, who hated everything German. Once, when by his loud merry German chatter he attracted the attention of our travelling companions, I told him that he must not speak; he replied, somewhat depressed, "Yes, but first give me something to eat." According to his idea, silence was only possible if he were eating, or rather, if he were rewarded for his silence by being given something to eat.

After many difficulties and in spite of foreign customs and other new conditions, I succeeded in finding a new home for my family in the interior of Russia, where we were allowed to settle for a time. Here, too, the "dark one" (so called on account of his dark hair and eyes) won the hearts of the strangers—they were delighted to see him in their midst.

One day a Russian lady invited my wife to tea, and Oswald went with her. There were other guests, and soon all were seated round the tea-table, which was laden with all sorts of cakes and other good things. The guests were served and began to eat. Oswald sat quite still, with folded hands, and looked around in astonishment. The lady suddenly noticed him, and asked my wife the question, "Why does not the little boy eat? Is anything the matter with him?"

"Oh, no," answered my wife, "he is accustomed to grace before meals. As grace has not been said, he will not eat anything." Quite confused, the lady looked at the child and asked him to pray. Then sounded in a free, clear voice, in the stillness, the grace spoken by my child. In his later visits Oswald always had to say grace.

So on that evening we talk of our boy, and ask ourselves what will arise from this story of Elijah's translation.

Since that evening some months have passed. Spring has come, with blossoms and fragrance. Little Oswald has not forgotten the story of the translation. On the contrary, it has become more deeply fixed in his memory. Evening after evening the lisping child prays, "Dear Saviour, tell the angels to put the big horses in the golden carriage and fetch me to heaven. Amen."

A silence full of expectation follows, and then sounds pathetically in my ear, "Papa, will the dear Saviour send His angels tonight to take me to heaven in the golden carriage?" The dark eyes look at me imploringly—"Will He do it tonight?"

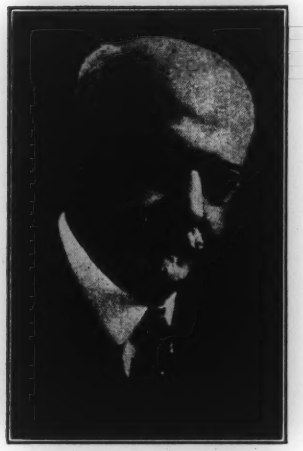
With a heavy heart I can but answer, "I think it is like this—if you are not here tomorrow morning, then the Saviour will have sent for you, but if you are still here tomorrow morning, then you will have to remain with us."

It is quiet again. "I know," says the sweet little voice, full of confidence, "I know it is better if you help me to pray for the golden carriage to come. Will you not help me, dear Papa?"

What am I to do? I pray with my child that the Lord may send the golden carriage, if it be His time and His will. Now the boy is quieted. Going out of the bedroom, I see that he is sitting up again in his little bed. "But, my darling, what is the matter now?" I ask. The answer comes, "I will not go to sleep tonight. I will wait till the Saviour comes with the golden carriage." Nothing can induce him to lie down. With eyes full of expectation he looks at the door, till the little head sinks down, and at last from weariness he falls asleep.

(To be continued)

Thirty Years of the Fellowship



DR. ARNO C. GAEBELEIN
(1861 - 1945)

We are privileged to honor, at this point, the memory of a truly great man, Dr. Arno Clemens Gaebelein, who served the American-European Fellowship for many years as president, and later as president emeritus. As preacher, lecturer, prolific author, editor of "Our Hope," and in countless other ways, but most of all by his own vigorous personality, profound scholarship, and militant faith, he left a lasting imprint upon the Christian world of his time. Though he reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage on Christmas Day, 1945, his memory endures. The official records of the Fellowship bear testimony to his wisdom and unselfishness,—his attendance at meetings, in spite of pressing duties elsewhere; his sagacious counsel, and unyielding stand for the right; and his substantial gifts, over a period of many years.

During the period from 1931 to 1935, the Fellowship was strengthening its foundations, looking carefully to its relationship with the various missionaries, and broadening its association with other organizations of similar purpose. In these important activities it had, most happily, the wise guidance of Dr. Gaebelein, Pastor Herbert Hogg, Rev. Norman J. Smith, and others.

Familiar missionary names continue to appear in the history of this period. Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Hill were laboring in Roumania; George Nazaruk (who has not been heard from since the second World War) was in Poland. The late Rev. A. Przeorski was also our representative in Poland; and there were many native helpers in these and other countries who received assistance from the Fellowship.

Dr. James Yuk, who had completed his medical course at the University of Prague in 1929, felt strongly drawn to go to Palestine and serve as a medical missionary there. He had learned that in Tel Aviv, for instance, 60 to 70 per cent of all the Jews spoke Russian: and having grown up in Russia, he could readily speak to them in that tongue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stettler were giving Bible courses in Poland, and arranging for the printing of Christian literature (a foreshadowing of Brother Stettler's enormous labors along that line, in later years). They announced the arrival of a baby girl, Ruth Rosina, on March 20, 1931 (see pp. 5-6 of this issue).

Dr. Gaebelein, our field representative Rev. George W. Hunter, and many others, continued to contribute devotional articles to the magazine, which were soundly evangelical in their content. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lukesh went by bicycle up and down the length and breadth of Czechoslovakia, preaching the Word and distributing tracts. Rev. John Kovalchuk and his family were in Carpathian Russia, which he found to be "a new, needy, large, open field for the Gospel." From time to time, in the magazine, mention is made of the "Bolsheviks" (do our readers remember the time when we called them

that?), and of the encouraging fact that, in spite of their anti-religious activities, the religious spirit in Russia is still uncrushed. The field of labor was constantly widening, as the Evangelical Christians were in process of organizing a union in China. Rev. Alexander Dobrinin was also editing a Russian Christian magazine, "Vernost," in Helsingfors (now Helsinki), Finland.

New opportunities were opening in Albania, through an association which the Fellowship formed with Rev. and Mrs. Phineas B. Kennedy, who had labored there for twenty-five years. They are now in retirement and the connection has ceased, but friendly memories remain.

April 14, 1932, was a tragic date in the history of the Fellowship, for on that day our missionary, Miss Grace Edna Mott, was murdered in the meeting-hall in Warsaw. She was a woman of prayer, and of great faithfulness to the cause of Christ. Impressive tributes paid to her at the funeral service bear witness of the high regard in which she was held. So the Fellowship, like many larger societies, is not without its martyr, ever held in sacred remembrance. Tertullian wrote, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

It is very touching to read, in missionary letters of this earlier period, many place-names, scattered throughout France, Germany and elsewhere, which have lately become familiar to us through requests for relief packages. The missionaries were establishing contacts, meeting helpful friends, whom they in turn have now been able to help in their time of need. We rejoice that we may still have a part in this continuing ministry.

Rev. Philip Manetz writes vividly of his experiences as our missionary in Poland. "We are in the midst of a very severe winter," he says once, "with wonderful zero cold. The Lord has built ice-bridges over the swamps, and we have crossed over on them and preached the Gospel."

Miss Jean Rhode, who had suffered a terrible shock in the loss of her close associate, Miss Mott, continued to labor valiantly in Poland. In one way, at least, great good came to the Fellowship out of that evil, for a new laborer was presently chosen to go to Poland. In the magazine for June, 1933, a dear and noble name appears for the first time,—Tordis Christoffersen. She sailed for Europe that month, and writes of being deeply impressed with the sense of being surrounded by the "powers of darkness." She endured this, as she was to endure much else for Christ's sake. Miss Rhode went to England for a time to rest and recuperate.

Dr. Yuk, still in Czechoslovakia, had opportunity to witness both to the doctors and to the patients at various hospitals in Prague, where he served. The spiritual work among the doctors was very difficult, as he wrote, but living in close contact with many of them, he was able to testify. They noticed his unusual kindness in dealing with the patients. He wrote, "The behavior of a Christian prepares the ground for future work." He also ministered to the little patients in a large Children's Hospital in Prague, and recounts many touching experiences there.

The way opened for Miss Rhode to return to this country, and to begin her ministry in Florida in 1935, serving especially the Jewish people. Mr. and Mrs. Stettler, with three little girls now, were enlarging their field of work in Poland. The Lukeshes were travelling in Czechoslovakia, among scenes made famous by the Reformation; they had a second-hand car and thus could move about more freely. And Mrs. Hill wrote of her life in Roumania with her husband and son Dick: of the meetings, and the difficulties of Roumanian housekeeping.

(*To be continued*)

Brother Stettler's Relief Work

Very dear friends:

Today I should like to report on the relief work being carried on from our headquarters here in Biel-Mett, Switzerland. More than 1100 eleven-pound packages have been sent out with food and clothing to alleviate the sufferings of Christian refugees. Never in our lives have we used so much Christian literature. We need monthly some 1600 pounds of Gospel tracts, booklets, Bibles, New Testaments and every kind of Christian literature. During the year 1948 we used more than ten tons of such material.

The packages went to the following countries: Germany, Austria, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, France, England, Morocco, Argentina, Paraguay, etc. More than three years have passed since the war ended, but there are still 635,000 prisoners of war. Russia and Roumania hold 425,000; Jugoslavia, 72,000; France, 87,000; Poland, 40,000; Egypt, some 6000; Czechoslovakia, some 5000. Usually they come back ill, without clothes or shoes, and most are broken for life. We get heart-breaking letters from many, pleading for a pair of shoes, for warm underwear, for some medicine, etc.

The Gospel tent which we, through the mercies of God and the generosity of God's people, were able to receive a year ago, has been in four large cities of Germany, and the reports are full of joy. All expectations have been surpassed. The tent was erected in the largely destroyed cities of Gelsenkirchen, Essen, Bochum and Wuppertal/Alberfeld. During this summer, nearly 130,000 people have been inside this tent. The average evening audience was 1600. One of the outstanding Christians of Germany said: "This Gospel tent is the cathedral of the German people." Whole cities have been stirred by it, and the people of God have been revived.

Now, out of this blessed tent work, a new difficulty has grown. While this tent has enough to do in the northern parts of Germany, might it not be possible to provide a still larger tent for the many great cities in southern Germany? What shall I answer them? More than $2000 is needed for the larger one. Here the Swiss people have already a fund of $125.00. How about reading Hebrews 11 together: "By faith"? Here is a proposition. We in Switzerland provide one-half: the friends in America provide one-half, and that leaves the German Christians to provide for the 1500 seats, the electrical equipment, loud-speakers, poles, platform, etc.

The second World War has shown us that Europe never was Christian at heart. It was a great delusion to speak of "Christian nations." While the various National Churches have gone on talking as though their respective nations were all Christian, this past war has torn the heavy fog asunder and proved actually that great masses are neither Christian in ideals nor Christian in practice. The veil is rent, and the mass godlessness and heathenish thought and practices are evident on every hand. Europe, which was supposed to be Christian, is as much of a mission field as any in the world.

Have you ever been in a wagon going down hill? As long as the brakes function perfectly, there is nothing unusual to it. But if the brakes don't function, then you feel just about as some of us feel in Europe. The wagon is going down hill, with its millions of passengers. Things have gone quite beyond control. But God Almighty is able to intervene, and that same Holy Spirit who "restraineth the powers of hell now" is able to hold up once more, if this be His will. In this breathing spell from international conflict, we covet the prayers of every one of you.

Yours by grace,

FRED and MARTHA STETTLER.

A Daily Vacation Bible School

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

You may be interested in an account of our Daily Vacation Bible School, held last summer here in Czechoslovakia. The flannelgraph was a new thing there, and was greatly appreciated, as giving the lessons a palpable touch. When the Second Coming of the Lord was presented, it resulted in a number of questions, even the next day also. It is certain that no amount of explanation would have made it so actual as this graphic presentation, and not only to the children. Most of the days there were some visitors who wanted to see what was being done. The hostess, where we had the school sessions, desired the Second Coming to be presented also on the final program, where more guests were present, and that on a specially enlarged board, so the visitors could better see the significance of the message.

Our hosts had visitors at the same time, unbelievers, who had a three-year-old tot, never used to any serious training. Of course, the mother was sure that she, the little one, could not understand, and would not like to take part. But the mother had to leave just then, and the child could attend unhindered—and did she like it! One day some friends of the family came and wanted to entice her to go visiting with them, only to be met with a flat refusal: "I have to go to school!" May what she, in her childish way, tells her unbelieving parents, be a real message from God to them.

One of the larger girls learned twenty-four Bible verses in five days, and her sister almost as many. They illustrated the verses on the flannelgraph; thus, when telling of the Christian's armor, they placed the pieces on the figure of the warrior, one by one, as they recited, which made it very impressive. These girls at first refused to come to the school, on the plea that it is "too dry" to attend religious instruction. The verses learned were in addition to the regular program, which included the map of Palestine with the incidents connected with the main places, up to twelve illustrated verses pasted in a copybook, ten choruses for all together, with five extra for the smaller ones and nine for the larger children, some with four or five verses. Attendance was almost perfect with the smaller ones. They all begged us to stay on, or at least to come again, D. V.

Another practical result we see in the occasional older visitors. Some spoke of having received special blessing from the presentation of the Bible truths. The efforts to gather children often meet with curious results. One family refused to send the children on the pretext that we take too much liberty by visiting the people afterwards. They had probably been stirred by some testimony on a previous visit. Why should we not do it?

No half-way measures can be blessed by the Lord. A sad illustration of this is a man who served his term of military service in this town, and made fine progress. While under the influence of the Gospel, he gave every evidence of conversion. On the insistence of his mother, who wanted to see him "well taken care of," he finally entered the civil service, instead of the service of the Lord. We could not promise him hireling wages, which would have pleased his mother. His subsequent marriage turned out sadly, and now he is floundering in uncertainty, not knowing which way to turn.

Our believing nurse has had wonderful experience in ministering to broken homes. We are glad of these evidences of growth in the life of this nurse, and ask your intercession for her full consecration. The present circumstances do not allow her to do as she may please.

Yours in Him,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—April and May, 1949
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

33197---$6.00	33229---$1.00	33261--$60.00	33293---$2.00
33198----5.00	33230--176.18	33262----5.00	33294---75.00
33199---20.00	33231----1.00	33263---10.00	33295----1.00
33200----4.00	33232----8.00	33264----8.00	33296----2.00
33201----6.75	33233---20.00	33265----1.00	33297---10.00
33202----1.00	33234----5.00	33266----1.50	33298---11.09
33203---11.00	33235---30.00	33267----3.98	33299----2.00
33204---35.00	33236---15.00	33268----6.68	33300----5.00
33205---20.00	33237---75.00	33269---10.00	33301----1.00
33206---75.00	33238----2.00	33270---35.00	33302---10.00
33207---71.60	33239----8.00	33271----2.00	33303----5.00
33208---50.00	33240---26.42	33272----1.00	33304---10.00
33209---10.00	33241---50.00	33273---10.00	33305---10.00
33210---10.00	33242---10.00	33274---10.00	33306---10.00
33211----6.00	33243----3.45	33275---40.00	33307---10.00
33212---15.00	33244---50.00	33276----3.00	33308----1.00
33213----1.00	33245----1.00	33277---50.00	33309----7.00
33214---10.00	33246----2.00	33278---10.00	33310---75.00
33215---17.00	33247----2.00	33279---50.00	33311---10.00
33216----2.00	33248---10.00	33280----1.00	33312----2.00
33217---10.00	33249---65.00	33281----1.00	33313---20.00
33218---10.00	33250---10.00	33282---10.00	33314--105.00
33219---10.00	33251---10.00	33283--100.00	33315---20.00
33220----5.00	33252---15.00	33284---25.00	33316---35.00
33221----2.00	33253----5.00	33285----2.00	33317----5.00
33222----7.00	33254---75.00	33286---60.00	33318----1.00
33223----2.50	33255----5.00	33287---10.00	33319---10.00
33224---10.00	33256---10.00	33288----1.00	33320---15.00
33225---10.00	33257----5.00	33289----1.00	33321---20.00
33226---20.00	33258----2.00	33290---20.00	33322----1.00
33227----5.00	33259---20.00	33291---10.00	33323---10.00
33228---40.00	33260----6.37	33292---50.00	33324---10.00

GOD IS FAITHFUL.—A friend abroad, in expressing his thanks for a food-package, sent us the following original poem:

"God is faithful—not He has been;
Not He will be; both are true;"
But the kindly parcel whispered,
"God is faithful *now* to you."

SUSTAINED.—A contributor writes: "I have been stimulated and blessed by the news from the Harvest Field. I am an old lady, and the Lord called my husband home on the fifth of this month, but He has been very near and precious to me, and I know He will be to the end. Please find enclosed a gift for your blessed work."

SPECIAL FEATURES.—Certain of our regular "features" have been omitted from this special number of the magazine, owing to lack of space. They will appear as usual in the next issue.

BACK NUMBERS.—Back numbers of any issue of this magazine may be ordered in quantity, while the supply lasts. Each number is generally available in this way for about a year after its date of publication.